UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

EDUCATION IN SOVIET RUSSIA
Two Articles by Percy M. Dawson
(1)—A Soviet School

Who Declares War for the United States? - - - - - - - *Frederic James Dennis*

Calvin and Einstein - - *May Stranathan*

Fred - - - - - *Frank S. Harwood*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Birth Control Committee Disbands, Victorious

The work of the National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control is done and well done, the organization is therefore dissolved, Margaret Sanger, president, announced in an editorial in the current issue of her magazine, *The National Birth Control News*. Hailing the action of the American Medical Association as strengthening the cause of birth control, already victorious through the clarification of the Federal Comstock statute, Mrs. Sanger disclosed that her Committee has been formally dissolved by unanimous action of its Board of Directors. The Resolution embodying this action reads:

"Whereas the purposes of the National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control, Inc., have been accomplished, in the light of the recent decision by the Circuit Court of Appeals,

"Be it Resolved that the National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control, Inc., be dissolved. . . ."

Her own education as a trained nurse made her see more than twenty years ago that birth control was a medical and technical problem, over and above everything else, said Mrs. Sanger.

"This has been my steadfast policy," she continued. "We have fought for medically directed clinics, for medical support and for medical endorsement and recognition. Time and again members of the profession, even those in high standing, have told us that we could never win. But individual support grew. Organized support grew. Today we can feel that the sane principles of right have won."

The U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit handed down a decision in a test case on November 30, 1936, stating that the design of the Federal Comstock statute "was not to prevent the importation, sale or carriage by mail of things which might intelligently be employed by conscientious and competent physicians for the purpose of saving life or promoting the

(*Continued on page* 195)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXIX MONDAY, JULY 19, 1937 No. 10

THINGS MORE EXCELLENT

The grace of friendship—mind and heart
Linked to our fellow heart and mind;
The grains of science, gifts of art;
The sense of oneness with our kind;
The thirst to know and understand—
A large and liberal discontent:
These are the goods in life's rich hand,
"The things that are more excellent."

—William Watson.

A REAR-GUARD ACTION

A rear-guard action in war is frequently destructive, but it never leads to victory. The reason is obvious —it is intended to cover a retreating army. Such a rear-guard action is now being conducted in this country in the industrial field. The battle for trade unionism has been fought and won. Trade unions are here to stay. All enlightened employers, as well as students of the labor question, know perfectly well that the workers in industry in the future are going to be organized, and that this is not only for their own advantage but also for the advantage of society generally. England, where trade unions are as conventionally accepted as churches, points the way to America. But there are employers in this country who will not have it so—Tom Girdler, of steel, Henry Ford, of the Ford automobile, and others. These men are now fighting the rear-guard action of which we speak. It is a tragic affair, for it can lead to nothing but ultimate surrender. Even though they win the present fight and many another future fight, as Marshal Ney won many a good fight in the rear of Napoleon's retreat from Russia, they will gain nothing. In the end, they will have to give in. Meanwhile, the destruction and death are terrible, and the responsibility upon the recalcitrant industrialists a fearful one. This is not to say that labor is immaculate in all its methods. A fight is a fight, as ugly on the picket line as on the field of battle. In the present case, we have in John L. Lewis a thug who will use coercion, force, violence, to any extent necessary to achieve his end. He is incidentally a perfect illustration of the type of labor leader who is certain to appear under just such conditions as now prevail in this country. In England such men have long since disappeared—the gangster has given way to the statesman! In the same way, we think that, in the present case, the administration has been bungling, stupid, and inert, and thus has tolerated conditions of lawlessness and disorder which are a disgrace to any government. In the collapse of the Industrial Relations Board under the lamentably imperfect Wagner Act, the Taft Mediation Board was of course the way out and would have succeeded had it had behind it a strong and not a weak government. But none the less it remains true that responsibility for what has happened lies with the steel magnates of the Girdler family. Their day is done; they do not know it; and meanwhile they work havoc.

THE GOLD BUG

There is one thing we would like to understand. As a matter of fact, there are many things which seem to be too profound for our mind, but this is one very particular mystery. We refer to the gold policy of the United States government—the buying of all the gold that anybody in the world can find to sell, at the gorgeously extravagant price of $35 an ounce. All we can seem to see in this business is the inane and insane spectacle of many people in various parts of the globe feverishly digging gold out of the ground and selling it to Uncle Sam, and then Uncle Sam's servants feverishly putting this same gold back into the ground at Fort Knox. Constantly there goes on this merry-go-round of gold raked up in a thousand different places and then put down in one place, all at the expense of the United States. The artificiality of the price paid for the gold we don't want and can't use is one of the most extraordinary mysteries. Thirty-five dollars an ounce, or just 60 per cent more than in the great boom year of 1929! Nothing has even been offered to justify this price except the argument of the Treasury that, having set the price, the government cannot reduce it without greatly lowering the value of the gold now in our hands—a loss to be reckoned in billions. But what does this loss mean when there is nobody to buy gold, and it is unimaginable under any conditions that we could ever sell it, or even ourselves use it, at this ridiculous valuation? Meanwhile, we keep right on buying, to the continued embarrassment of the government, which has to borrow

good money to pay for sterile gold! Last year we bought an amount of gold equal to the entire world output. This year for the first six months our purchases are even greater. We also buy silver—which seems to have some sense, as our own people produce the silver and thus get the money for it. But the money paid for gold goes mostly abroad. If we *must* spend the money to buy metal, why not try copper for a while, and pile that up in the dark dungeons of Fort Knox? Answer the question, somebody! Has Washington gone plumb insane, or is there method in this madness?

THE LESSON OF BLUM

It may be well for this country to take a lesson from the experience of Mr. Blum. What is wrong in France? Why did the French premier resign, and his "New Deal," so similar in many respects to our own, go on the rocks? The answer is easy. Financial difficulties! The exact nature of these difficulties we do not pretend to understand, but experience has taught us that financial troubles always reduce themselves in the end to one very simple fact, and that is—not enough money to pay the bills. France, in other words, is going bankrupt. The nation has come thus early to this crisis, even though her "New Deal" is only a year old, because she has no such resources as America. France, as compared with the United States, is a poor country. The road to ruin, therefore, was a short one. As usual —see the experience of Germany before Hitler!—the government sought to meet the situation through a grant of emergency powers, as though mere power, of the emergency or any other type, could stop financial collapse. But France was wiser than Germany, and refused to put herself in the hands of any "miracle man." All of which means, or should mean, much to us! For America also is facing financial difficulties of enormous seriousness. Year after year, now, we have been going into debt. The bankruptcy inevitably involved in this experience has been disguised by the wealth of the nation even in times of depression. The situation has also been covered up by clever juggling tricks, such as devaluing the dollar, piling up sterilized gold, and what not. But all the while, as steadily as flood-waters mounting to the edge of a levee, the debt has been climbing up. It has now reached a total of $36,000,000,000, and is still going strong. The day of reckoning is some distance off, but it is there! And when it comes, we shall have a frightened government asking for emergency powers, à la Blum. Then what will happen? Well, we shall see, all in due course. Meanwhile, we may well note that good intentions, high ideals, wise reforms, these are all right; but, if they be carried out in defiance or neglect of the basic law of income and expenditure, they only wreck themselves.

RUSSIA IN THE SHADOWS

The mystery of Russia not only deepens but darkens. An "uncensored" front-page news despatch in the New York *Times* from its Moscow correspondent, Harold Denny, associate of Walter Duranty, paints a dreadful picture of life in that unhappy country today. Here are some statements which cannot be lightly cast aside but on the contrary must be deeply pondered:

> "A cloud of anxiety and bewilderment hangs over this land. The tension in Moscow is so great that even passing tourists feel it and are oppressed.
>
> ". . . the frantic hunt for spies and saboteurs, inaugurated by Stalin in his speech of March 5, is resulting in an enormous number of persecutions of perfectly honest people.
>
> "Little people anxious to curry favor and win plaudits for vigilance are denouncing their fellows. Personal grudges are being paid off. The atmosphere must be like that of Salem in the days of witch hunts.
>
> "Old Bolsheviki . . . are going fast. Few remain in posts of power. . . . The hunt for political offenders is merciless.
>
> "It is the Communists who are most 'on the spot' now. The writer does not know intimately what the position of Communist party members is in Italy, Germany, and other rabidly anti-Communist countries. But it is difficult to believe that they face any greater hazards elsewhere than they face here. For here they have been shooting them."

One wonders, in face of these facts, what has become of that much-tooted new constitution, celebrated right here in our own columns among many other places. Mr. Denny tells us:

> "One Russian who should know told me in good faith—and in good faith I wrote—that the new liberal constitution called for new liberal methods. That Russian, I believe, is now in jail. . . . There is no indication of a change of methods."

All this means one thing—*Terror!* Terror after twenty years of absolutist rule! Stalin is making true what the worst enemies of the Soviets have charged against him. Why should we trust him more?

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS

The arrest of Rev. Martin Niemoeller, Berlin pastor, bravest of the brave, truest of the true, marks the last step in the determination of the Nazis to reduce the Christian church of Germany to the martyrdom of ancient days. The earlier arrest of Dr. Jacobi, pastor of the great Kaiser Wilhelm Kirche, was a signal that Niemoeller's turn was at last come. While hundreds of humbler clergymen had for months been hunted and imprisoned by the government, these two men—Jacobi because of his great distinction, and Niemoeller undoubtedly because of his valiant war record—remained untouched. But Niemoeller especially knew no compromise with Hitler. He paid no attention to decrees and bans. What was worse, he stood by his suffering colleagues, made known their persecution, published and glorified their names, asked prayers for their comfort and release, and denounced the government for tyranny. No braver man ever stood in a Christian pulpit, no more heroic martyr ever faced his end. For death, be it said, as the ultimate punishment of these

pastors, is no more incredible today than what is now happening was incredible yesterday. To get any idea of what is going on in Germany at this moment, we must imagine the most eminent of American clergymen—men like Fosdick, Sockman, Gilkey, Atkins—in prison. We must imagine the Riverside Church in New York, or Trinity Church in Boston, raided by federal agents, a conference of ministers dispersed, and the leaders beaten and taken into custody. We must imagine Cardinal Hayes of New York assaulted before his altars by a mob of government thugs, his life attempted by an assassin, and his clergy under arrest and trial. We must imagine churches in general under the control of government, and all independent or free action of clergy or congregation rigorously forbidden. It was not long ago that Niemoeller declared that in due course there would be no churches in Germany except "in the catacombs." In other words, just as Hitler has revived the medieval torture of the Jews, so he has also revived the Roman torture of the Christians. The historic comparison is apt, be it said, not only in the sense that horrors are renewed, but also in the assurance that Judaism and Christianity will nobly survive this latest iniquity. Haman and Nero pass, but synagogue and church remain.

FORTY YEARS OF ZIONISM

It was forty years ago, in 1897, that the first World Zionist Conference met under the inspiration and leadership of the immortal Theodor Herzl. This event marked the beginning of the great Zionist movement of our time. Jews of course had settled in Palestine before this date, just as remnants of this people had subsisted in the land of their fathers through all the centuries following upon the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A. D. The tide of refugee immigration from Russia had begun to flow in the early '80s, and on this same occasion had been started the first Rothschild colonies. But the vision of the restoration of the Jewish homeland on the sacred soil of the ancient patriarchs and prophets was first made real by Herzl in whose soul it had dawned as the coming splendor of a new day for Israel. As the 1937 Zionist Conference, to be assembled this summer, looks back upon its four decades of history, it can see trial and tragedy aplenty. But it can also see boundless generosity, matchless heroism, enduring patience and persistence, and a vast will to victory. Not since Joshua and his followers made their first entrance into the Promised Land have the Jews beheld such a chapter of history, and this latter chapter is noble with the sweat of labor and the tears of pity as the former was ignoble with the blood of slaughter. In all this second occupation of Palestine the Jews have sought to make friends and not enemies of the "Canaanites," and in the ensuing struggle have shed no blood but their own. Yet the problem of Arab and Jew remains, made darker today than at any time in all the forty years gone by through the determination of Britain, under the recommendation of the Royal Commission, to partition the land. Not all the authority of the Mandate nor all the power of British arms can force that gross inequity and iniquity upon Jews and Arabs united at last in opposition. The final determination of the issue still remains, but its solution is already manifest in the Zion that exists today. Four hundred thousand Jews are now planting and reaping, buying and selling, teaching and prophesying, in the land of their fathers. Their unconquerable spirit has already taken over this land and made it the new Israel of the ages yet to be. These forty years fulfil themselves as the mystic token in Jewish chronology of trial come at last to triumph!

Advice, Etc.

Our congressmen agree no wars
Will they support on foreign shores.
The while they vow with fervent lips
They lay new keels for battleships
Of such enormous cruising range
Their statement seems a trifle strange.
"Harmless!" they cry, "these new inventions."
But Hell is paved with good intentions.
—Nor do I think there's much more sense
In fighting wars of self-defense.
Resist the foe that toward you ambles,
And make your native land a shambles.
Why, let the fellows flutter down,
Or saunter in and take the town,
Unload their guns, put up their swords,
And talk things over afterwards.
—If you a bone to pick have got
With your most near compatriot
Don't call the other nations in
To lend you aid and help you win.
Alas, alas, too late you'll view
How well they'll pick your bones for you.
—Nor is concerted action solely
To be considered just and holy.
The right, when backed with armor strong,
So many times becomes the wrong.
You won't succeed, for all your thunder,
In keeping the transgressor under.
Next year he'll turn and black your eye.
That's what he'll do. I don't know why.
—No matter how you look at it
War simply can't be made to sit.
It seems twice one is *always* two.
Well, I'm a pacifist. Are you?

EDITH LOVEJOY PIERCE.

Education in Soviet Russia

TWO ARTICLES BY PERCY M. DAWSON

(1)—A Soviet School

The Russian Revolution has been a disappointment to some progressive persons. Sometimes these persons have been adequately informed, sometimes they have not. To those who know the Russian situation and do not like it, I have nothing to say. To those who are looking for information, I can do no less than make what contribution I can from my own limited experience.

My introduction to the Anglo-American School was through an English communist acquaintance who introduced me to one of the teachers of this school. The latter invited me to visit the school which I did on four occasions spending in all over seventeen hours there. In addition to this I marched with this group through the Red Square at the May Day celebration, that is to say, spent eight hours in the Moscow streets hobnobbing with pupils, teachers and some of the parents.

To be sure, a strictly Russian school would have been more typical but on the other hand the teachers at this school are not only English speaking but also have had experience in teaching elsewhere than in the Soviet Union. Moreover, a school is a part of the Soviet system, with ideals, methods, and administration in keeping with this system.

The parents of most of the children of the Anglo-American School are returned emigrants who fled from Czardom to England or America and have returned since the Revolution bringing with them English-speaking children. Others still live abroad but have sent their children to Russia to be educated. There are also a few transient English-speaking parents who temporarily send their children to this school.

The school does not teach English to persons whose native tongue is other than English. It is one of the "schools of the minorities." The Soviet plan takes account of the fact that a child who does not speak Russian would be handicapped in a Russian school. To offset this handicap the child is educated in its native tongue until such time as he has acquired enough Russian to enter a Russian school. When this time arrives the child is taught in Russian but continues to study his own language as part of his natural culture.

In the building with the Anglo-American School is a very small "Assyrian" School, one of two such schools in Moscow. I have seen a group of these children changing classrooms with their teacher. They are very small, very dark, long-headed, and Jewish looking.

The Anglo-American School is itself a small school, one hundred fifty-six pupils (c. f. the corresponding German school with 900 pupils). It is also an incomplete school for there is no nursery school (3-4 to 7-8 years) and the highest grade is the 7th (14-15 years) instead of the 10th (17-18 years). It is the plan to have in the minority schools only teachers to whom the minority language is native. Consequently almost all the teachers of this school are English or Americans.

The school is housed in a made-over dwelling with a fair-sized yard. The quarters are not very bad for Moscow and obviously temporary. There is a doctor who is always on call and visits the school twice a week, and there is always a nurse about.

Many methods of teaching recommended by progressive educators, e.g., the project method, have been tried in the Union but were found unsatisfactory (at least for mass application at the present time). These methods did not insure the complete grasp of anything. They stressed interest at the expense of thoroughness, and thoroughness is not a natural Soviet virtue. A compromise has, therefore, been made in the following way. The school considers only those subjects which every Soviet citizen in virtue of his being such a citizen must know and know thoroughly, and this curriculum is obligatory. But in the methods of teaching, the teacher has often a very free hand, judging from the numerous innovations recorded from the various parts of the Union in the bulletins of the Educational Workers Union of the U. S. S. R.

On the other hand many subjects worthy of attention are either meagerly treated or entirely omitted from this curriculum. Those studies and activities are followed not in the prescribed school hours but in the hours devoted to "supervised recreation" and in connection with the children's "circles" (or clubs). A discussion of Soviet education which omits to consider the activities of these circles is entirely misleading. Such an omission is the more likely to occur since the schools are usually not the principal centers of "circle" activities. The latter frequently find highest development in the children's palaces, trade union halls, vacation camps, etc.

I shall consider at this time only the activities which center around the Anglo-American School, whether curricular or extra-curricular.

The director of the school is a Russian woman who, having spent some years in America, has a good grasp of the language. She has two children in school. She is ardently devoted to her work. The teacher of biology has also two children in school. She has taught in the Organic School of Marietta Johnson in Fairhope, Alabama, and is progressive in her outlook. The teacher of history has had her training in the public schools of Oakland, California. She, too, has a child who is as yet too young for school. The teacher of mathematics taught eight years in England and Switzerland before coming here. Out of 18,000 school teachers, fifty—of which she is one—received the designation "honored Soviet Teacher" and had their pictures hung in the streets during the May Day celebration. Although I have met several of the other teachers, it is with these and the principal that I talked most.

The curriculum of the school comprises arithmetic, algebra, plane geometry, geography of the world which is at first chiefly physical and then

economic, and history (universal and is taken up in chronological order). The little children begin with cavemen and animals. There is no general science; each of the sciences being taken up separately, chemistry, physics, zoölogy, and botany and there is or will be before long laboratory work in all these; music, drawing, and manual training but up to the present there is no adequate workshop; lastly, physical education.

For observing the teaching I chose to follow one class (6th, 13-14 years) through three periods with three different teachers and also one teacher (of biology) through two periods with two different classes (6th and 7th). I also attended the spring exhibition in which almost all of the children of the school took some part or other.

Space does not permit the discussion of these classes in detail. The pupils seemed interested and attentive though not always well prepared. They recited standing and are outspoken and well poised. In mathematics 6, the teacher made an announcement to the effect that the Commissar of Education was not satisfied with the thoroughness of the work in arithmetic. It should be possible for every pupil to be trustworthy and competent in his arithmetic. To insure this result there was to be a month of reviewing and then an examination. This would be both written and oral. It would not be enough merely to get the right answer, one must be able to explain why.

During the class in botany the fire gong sounded and three of the children quickly closed all the windows and the door behind them before joining their classmates. (It is no problem to empty a two-story house without basement through two staircases.)

The class in history was considering the economic weaknesses of feudalism and the rise of the free cities. The story was simply told.

In the upper class in biology, the teaching was developed around a series of inexpensive, home-made but adequate charts. Human physiology is also taught to this class at another time of the year but I saw the charts of this. There were also cases of models and specimens. I was told that the government attaches great importance to biology and is generous in its support.

The largest room in the house, probably once a small ballroom, is used both as an assembly hall and as a gymnasium. The teacher was a graduate of the four-year course at the Institute for Physical Education. He seemed competent. The equipment at my first visit consisted of the floor, a board (used as a horizontal bar) and a medicine ball. During the next three months a piano, a real horizontal bar, mattresses, and a buck had been added. I may remark that there is a law according to which every new school must have a gymnasium. The performances of these children were good. Coördination rather than strength was stressed and the gymnastic games were rompy and hilarious. The classes were mixed. The indoor activity is supplemented by outdoor sports.

About midday a substantial meal is served to the children and staff. For want of space, the children eat in two sections. They are followed by the staff. The meal that I had consisted of tomato soup, meat, pudding and cocoa. It was very good.

My conversations with the teachers covered a variety of topics. What do your courses in biology lead to? Animal husbandry, agriculture, and hygiene. Do you believe in teaching matters of sex? Not as a separate course but certainly through a variety of courses, zoölogy, history of the family, sociology, and so on. If you wish to train all-round people, how can you keep them so with the enormous stress which is being put in the Union upon specialization? It can only be done by universal study, adult education, night schools. In the last few years a great change has come over our factory workers. Now everybody studies. I have lived among them. You have taught in America, how about it here? The children are more unrestrained and joyous and everything is so sweet and wholesome. Why is this? I believe that it is due to the absence of economic worry at home. (I recall in this connection an Afrikander chemist, who after four years in the Union told me that he would not undertake to bring up a family elsewhere for economic reasons.)

How is the unequal progress of children dealt with? A child may finish school as fast as it wishes but he cannot enter the University until he is eighteen. If he finishes school early he must go into industry or a technicum until he is eighteen. How are pedagogical improvements provided for? According to the present arrangement there are in the Union four experimental schools. Recommendations from these are tried in some of the 2,500 model schools and if successful they are applied generally. Intelligence tests? None is at present in use. A conference has recently been called to consider this matter. Many systems were exhibited. It was concluded that more investigation is desirable.

Do your children develop "complexes" as ours do? Ordinarily the mental health is good. There are attached to the larger schools a pedologist and a psychologist. Bad cases are taken to the psychiatrist. There are parents' meetings once a quarter and particular parents are often called in from time to time about their children. The teachers are expected to visit the homes of the children and to know all about them.

But can the teachers be reasonably expected to do all this extra work? The classroom work of the teachers is not onerous. Three hours' teaching a day entitles her to full pay.

Do the children take an interest in their studies? You have attended classes. The history class which you saw became dissatisfied with its own progress some time ago and called a "production meeting," in imitation of the factory workers. They put watchers in the back of the room to observe how much time was wasted. For three days the pupils seemed to be under a great strain; then they forgot about the watchers. Stump? No, they had achieved "a new rhythm." The staff had no hand in this. It was the Pioneers' idea.

What is done with backward pupils? To such is often attached a high grade pupil to help him. The assumption of this "big brother" relation may be suggested by the teacher or by the class soviet for the class is always trying to make itself "100% Pioneer." Sometimes a special teacher is employed. Can you cite specific cases of problem children? One boy would not work. He was taken to the

specialist without much success. Finally one of the women teachers succeeded in unsnarling him. The boy was not a good student and so to save his self-respect, he posed as independent and would do no work at all. His classmates thought he was holding them back and so their soviet put him out of the class. The teacher in question gained his confidence and coaxed him into line again. This boy I saw in three classes. In his behavior he was quite indistinguishable from the rest. Another child in the fourth class stole things. At first he was thought a kleptomaniac but on considering the matter more carefully it was concluded that he was just poor, that is he did not have the things that other children had and was not strong enough to resist making up the difference. The parents were consulted. They were not poor and agreed to modify their budget to accord better with the child's needs. The stealing has practically ceased.

What about the economic status of teachers? The salaries of the teachers of the middle schools (10-17 years) in Moscow have as a minimum 450 rubles a month but the average is 800-1000. Teaching four hours a day in the lower (7-10 years) or three hours in the middle schools entitles a teacher to full pay. In languages and mathematics, in which a teacher has notebooks to correct, the pay is 40 rubles more. If the teacher takes a room, i.e., supervises a study period, he gets an extra 50 rubles. Every five years the pay rises automatically. Teachers of the backward, deaf, or blind receive 25 per cent extra. Teachers in periphery receive more than teachers in Moscow: Uzbekistan (except in Tashkent) 10 per cent, the far East 20 per cent, the far North 50 per cent. Meals taken in the school dining room are very inexpensive. Rooms in Moscow are hard to get, small, and inconvenient. But some schools have their own apartment houses which are very nice.

What about class organization? Each class is divided into units of about eight children. Each unit is responsible for some sort of community or social work. One unit acts as monitors of the halls, rooms, etc., another cares for the small children, another runs the wall newspaper, another makes albums of current events, another organizes and gives entertainments.

Each class has its troupe of Pioneers or of October children. These are chosen on the basis of their school activities including their work in circles, and their social attitude, i.e., helpfulness, coöperativeness, group loyalty.

Those who wish to become October children may be attached to a group of such children by a sort of associate membership so that they can be helped by the group to achieve full membership.

Pioneers are chosen in the same way and naturally the fact that one is already an October child is helpful in becoming a Pioneer. This relation of the Pioneer to the October children is like that of the Pioneers to the Comsomols, and of the latter to the Party Members. Of course those who have made the best Pioneers do not necessarily make the best Comsomols and Party Members for these two political organizations require certain special aptitudes. But the best Pioneer makes the best Soviet citizen.

Since the Pioneers are regarded as better than other people, is there not developed snobbishness or exclusiveness? We have not been troubled by anything of this sort. Child life here is very wholesome. (I thought that this might well depend upon the personalities of the teachers though of course it is the aim of the Soviet system to produce a classless society in more than one sense.)

I met the Comsomol, "Sonia," who presides over the activities of the Pioneers and October Children, much as do our scoutmasters. She is a dynamo. She seemed, however, not to boss the children but rather to safeguard the activities, only occasionally taking active leadership.

Following school one day a stranger appeared to lecture (in Russian) to the older children. I attended with a pupil for interpreter. The man told of life in the far North, Dixon Island near the mouth of the Yenisey. It was very interesting. So was the moral, viz., the necessity for discipline by which is meant devotion to a common end, self-discipline, the spirit of coöperation. The moral did not seem to depress the children. Seventeen of them asked twenty-six questions standing up and speaking clearly.

On the afternoon preceding May Day the school gave an exhibition. This consisted of recitations and dramatic reading by groups. The smaller children used chiefly English; the larger, Russian. There were also gymnastics, dancing, a puppet show, singing, and piano playing.

Following this entertainment which lasted several hours, with an intermission for the children's dinner, and the retirement of the children and their parents, the staff had supper together. The "staff" included of course the four working women (two from the kitchen and two cleaners). The repast was simple and was followed by many short speeches. The latter were in Russian because the working women know no English and were translated to me by the principal or one of the teachers. The speeches were all on the same topic, namely, progress since this time last year. The improvements were many and important.

In the course of my conversation I asked, "What is your chief difficulty both here and in the school system generally?" "In this school it is the migratory character of our teachers; in the Soviet Union generally it is the low average grade of achievement for both pupils and teachers." Yes, this is true of all Soviet activities but the average is rising at an amazing tempo.

We should realize that it is hard to build and equip 4,300 new schools as were scheduled for 1936, and that it is difficult to find adequate teachers for 28,000,000 school children.

Eradication of Illiteracy

In prewar Russia the average literacy was said not to have exceeded 33 per cent. By the beginning of the first Five-Year Plan it has been raised, according to official reports, to 58.4 per cent, and by 1932 to 90 per cent. In the latter year the urban population was reported 97 per cent literate and the rural population 88 per cent. The first Five-Year Plan provided for the teaching of 18.2 million illiterates. Actually over 45 million workers and peasants attended anti-illiteracy courses.

—*Handbook of the Soviet Union*, 1936.

Who Declares War for the United States?

FREDERIC JAMES DENNIS

In a crisis involving relations between our country and another, when the situation is tense and feelings run high, what agency is it that could bring about a war declaration? Is it Congress? The President? The munitions-makers? Or is it truly the people? While Senators Nye and Vandenberg have been striving to lay bare the munitions-makers as the villains of the World War, is there not something that they have overlooked? Something that even the recently-passed Neutrality Act cannot control? For now is the time to ask this important question—*now,* while for us no foreign entanglement as yet looms. After the "incident" has taken place, minds and emotions are distorted. Temperate intelligent action becomes all but impossible. In what I have to discuss, I am assuming we will not enter any war spontaneously, except in actual self-defense, which would be in full justification. We will become involved, let us admit, if at all, through influences working on us from within, or from being drawn into a quarrel of other nations. Borah has warned that foreign propaganda is at work in an effort to involve us.

Does Congress declare war? Yes and no. They alone have the power to declare war, but that power they feel they can only exercise after the impetus is given them from demands from the people, or after a message from the President; after Congress has been swayed by letters, telephone calls or telegrams, or by lobbies in its midst. After all these influences have acted on them to a certain degree, Congress does declare war and directs the President to proclaim that fact. During the Great War, the Senate voted 82 to 6 for the declaration that brought us in. The House voted 373 to 50. Miss Rankin of Montana, the first woman member of that body, voted No, and then broke down and wept. Now is the time to ask ourselves, either as members of Congress or others, reviewing the facts of what is now history, how we would vote if we had a second chance. "Seventeen years later it was to occur to the Associated Press . . . to seek out the men who had voted against the declaration of war upon Germany. It could discover only seven of them, but of the seven it found not one who . . . either believed that his vote had been wrong or regretted that he had cast it." How many of us now side with that sensible and brave minority?

Does the President declare war? While Wilson strove heroically as long as he could to keep us out of a war that he foresaw accurately would make us a loser in lives and money, public opinion, worked up to an unthinking state, drove us relentlessly on. It is true that the President is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. It is true that his influence is powerful, but no president would speak for war, with most of the members of Congress and most of the people against him. What the Administration can do, as evidenced by the Great War, is to confer with foreign powers, issue notes and proclamations, and send representatives abroad to bargain with the foreign powers. It is true that we have accredited ambassadors or ministers with foreign nations of any importance, whose duty it is to negotiate with and report to Washington on conditions and opinion abroad. But is that enough, and is that satisfactory? That is the great question. Is it right that the President or his representative can bargain, and make "understandings," some of them without prior endorsement by either Congress or the people?

Do the munitions-makers declare war? As shown by recent evidence through investigations, widely reported in newspapers, these makers of armaments have often much to do in the fomenting of wars, although they alone cannot bring about war. With the arousing of public opinion their powers may become far less. Propaganda, nevertheless, plays a tremendous role in any war. During the Great War, for instance, the people as a whole received their information from what they heard, or read in books, pamphlets ("White Papers," etc.) or newspapers. Certain facts in regard to the last war raise important questions as to whether the people, emotionally swayed by what they saw in print, were not influenced against their better judgment.

The day after Germany and England went to war, the English cut the through-German cables between Germany and America. What did this mean to a then-neutral country, attempting to form an idea of the situation abroad? It meant that all news, except the very little that could filter through by radio or roundabout routes, actually came to us through Allied-controlled news channels. Some of this war news was distorted, some withheld, some was false, and, of course, some was fair and true. That some was false, we need only recall the story of the German "corpse-factories," wherein the Germans were alleged to have made use of the dead to produce much-needed fats. Then there were the atrocity stories—which later proved to be fabrications or gross exaggerations. Who can say now what a difference it would have made to us if the German cable had not been cut, and we could have received unrestricted news from both sides? Possibly, we might have been saved many lives, a veterans' bonus problem, war debts, taxation and the great depression. It is not the fault of our news agencies or publishers. They try to get reliable facts. It is, rather, the sources from which, in good faith, they obtain their information, which are to blame. When nations are at war, almost any means are considered legitimate for one nation to use against the other, and propaganda is one of them. Unless our people can receive unrestricted, accurate information from both sides of a conflict, how can a fair opinion be formed by them as to the merits of the contending powers?

Do the people declare war? We have seen that they do so only indirectly. They get their information partly from true unbiased sources; partly from propaganda sources. Their minds, but mostly their emotions, are influenced. They eventually make their wishes known by various means, such as communications to their Congressmen or to the President, by mass meetings, parades or resolutions through a group, by letters to the editors or newspapers, or by other means. But, for the most part, others decide the all-important question for them. Should a democracy, however, declare war in any other way than by actual vote of the people—the parties most interested? When a critical

point is reached in our relations with another nation, should we rely on professional diplomats, the opinions of a newspaper chain, reports emanating from the propaganda bureau of one side of a European quarrel, even from our President? That is what should be decided now. Should an "adviser," a Colonel House of the future, or an Ambassador Page of the future, have more influence with a president than an impartial committee or a vote of the people?

Recent events raise an interesting question. Ethiopia and Italy went to war, even though there had been no war declaration by either side. Hull replied for us as a signatory to the Briand-Kellogg pact outlawing war, expressing our disapproval of Italy's actions, and Congress directed the President to take certain neutrality steps. It was a delicate question. Hull's future statements had the power to bring us into a hostile position with regard to Italy—a position which might eventually have involved us in a war. Is it right that by the action of one man (whether he be Secretary of State, or some one else), speaking either for himself or the Cabinet or the President, our people as a whole should be pushed into war? Such a momentous decision, the most important a nation can make—whether or not it shall go to war—should be decided only by the people as a whole, by a vote based on true facts submitted to them. If we are indeed a democracy, wherein the people rule, then the people alone have the right to make that decision. That this can be done is suggested by a nation-wide ballot in England on national policies relating to war, in which 11,627,765 Britons voted.

Another incident of the Ethiopian crisis illustrates the point. Sir Anthony Eden is reported to have offered a part of English Africa and the port of Zeila as a concession to Italy in exchange for assurances of no war moves by Italy against Ethiopia. When Eden returned home, the English people and the Commons were reported shocked at his action. Should not such an offer, if made at all, have come from the English people as a whole?

At the Paris Conference, after the Great War, Wilson undertook to promise American aid in the event of Germany attacking France. It is true, the United States Senate repudiated these promises of Wilson. But, was it right for any American, whether a diplomat, cabinet member, or president, to pledge United States involvement in another war? Were the American people consulted? Obviously not. Do we, as a people, understand that when we elect a president (who, in turn "elects" his cabinet members) that we have given power to this president, with or without his cabinet, with or without the Foreign Relations Committee of Congress, to push us into a war? When Japan took war measures against Manchukuo, our Secretary of State protested. Had he the right to protest for you, for me, and for the whole American nation on such a delicate matter? For, out of just such diplomatic steps are war enmities engendered. Increased by their own momentum and aided powerfully by the propaganda of newspapers and special interests, they reach a point where a war declaration inevitably follows. History records many such instances, where the action of one man or group of men has brought on war.

An important incident, a cause of our war with Spain, reveals further interesting facts. Through the newspapers, we were informed of increasing misrule by Spain in Cuba. While, supposedly, the reports were unbiased, there is grave doubt of that. However, the people's emotions were inflamed to the danger point and the war was actually precipitated by the act of the sinking of the Maine. An excited people here assumed that Spain caused the sinking. This assumption is exploded by the recently published account of a well-known engineer and newspaper correspondent, George Bronson Rea, who visited the Maine immediately after the explosion and was present at the official investigation by our country on board the warship; and who discovered with the examining officers that the explosion occurred not from *without,* but from *within.* In short, the sinking was caused by an explosion *inside* the ship. In fact, the court of inquiry found "no evidence fixing responsibility on any person or persons." No joint investigation was made with Spain, as would have been the fair way to present the evidence. Newspapers, however, were clamoring already for war and the popular outcry that resulted brought the inevitable result. All these facts present, at the very least, grave doubts that the unbiased facts, upon which a war declaration could be predicated, were before the people.

Now is the time, with European tempers at a breaking point over recent events in Spain, for all who really desire to keep us out of another war to set up a platform demanding (1) that no one person or group shall be authorized to pledge our participation in any war or to commit us to unneutral action. That should include the President or his agent, any member of his cabinet or their agents, Foreign Relations Committee, or a minority group in Congress; (2) that the people alone, representing this democracy of the United States, shall vote on the question of war, and that the majority vote shall settle the question. Already, one group—the Southern California Methodist Conference — has adopted such a resolution, calling for a constitutional amendment to strip Congress of the power to declare war, and to confer such power on the vote of citizens of military service age. We vote nationally to elect a president and congressmen. Is it not of equal importance to vote on such a momentous question as war? Perhaps the newly awakened duty of man to man, so evidenced in spite of warlike activities in certain limited areas of the world, will convince men (and especially us in America) that an increased inquiry into the emotional, spiritual, and psychological sides of man's nature, will aid us in arriving at a solution of the greatest menace to the human race—War.

The Cry of a Liberal

I cannot be bound to my half-life,
Devoted to state, church and custom;
It wastes me and sears me, contracts me.
Within cries the voice of my longing,
Seeking a free man, finding a slave man,
Singing adventure to the crushed and the broken,
Striving for life come to fullness and joy.
I must not be bound to love's splendid service
With ties that smother me, make my spirit hostage
To ills that reckon with love's obligations,
Whipping me, stripping me confronted with wrongs.
As well take the change of direct prostitution
For the glow and the show of fine living.
I fret in the cages of my own fell construction,
Cages of cowardice, weakness and sloth.
I wrestle with chains of my own slow forging,
For freedom is burgeoned by the toil of life's tilling.

HOMER LEWIS SHEFFER.

Calvin and Einstein

MAY STRANATHAN

In a recent address before the Newman Foundation, Dr. Alexis Carrel thus defined the limits of specialized science: "No one who is expert in a single field, such as economics, sociology, pedagogy, hygenia, philosophy, medicine, psychology, biological-chemistry, religion, etc., is fitted to apply his specialized knowledge to any problem concerning the human person in his entirety. Man viewed by specialists exclusively through their own technique is only one aspect of a manifoldness, an abstraction more or less from reality." Dr. Carrel suggested the creation of an "Institute of Man" as a central of synthetic thought; that before any doctrine, invention, religion, diet, economic, social, or educational system is applied it should be scrutinized from the point of view of its effect on the individual as a psychological and spiritual whole, bound to his environment.

Almost a hundred years ago our American "Yankee-Greek" thus expounded the same subject in his essay on "Prospects": "At present man applies to nature only half of his force. He works on the world with his understanding alone. He lives in it and masters it by a penny wisdom. His relation to nature, his power over it, is through the understanding, as by manure; the economic use of fire, wind, water and the mariner's needle; steam, coal, chemical agriculture; the repairs of the human body by the dentist and the surgeon."

It has been the fashion for some years to decry the transcendentalism of Emerson as thin and visionary, and to scoff at his recognition that the physical and spiritual laws are one. And to us living in this materialistic age the words which he puts into the mouth of his "Orphic poet" seem strange and even fantastic: "The immobility or bruteness of nature is the absence of spirit; to pure spirit it is fluid, it is volatile, it is obedient. Build, therefore, your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions. A correspondent revolution in things will attend the influx of the spirit. So fast will disagreeable appearances, swine, spiders, snakes, pests, madhouses, prisons, enemies, vanish. They are temporary and shall be no more seen. The sordor and filths of nature, the sun shall dry up and the wind exhale."

Does this mean that the disorder of the world is all in our own point of view and has no existence outside our own minds? Or does it mean that we may fall into such a state of religious exaltation as to pass out of the world of strife and suffering into a dream world of our own—as Emerson's friend Jones Very did—becoming unable to make a living or discharge what is known as our social obligations? Is such a doctrine but a kind of "wish thinking," a begging of the question, such as Albert C. Dieffenbach criticizes in John Wright Buckham's *Christianality and Personality?* Mr. Buckham, after asking how we are to know that the sense of a sacred, personal presence is not purely subjective, an illusion, a projection, a cowardly flight from reality, goes on to state that "though the great creative ideas, such as right, truth, beauty, love, freedom, have a kind of half-autonomous reality in themselves—the very vitality of creativeness in these ideas indicates their relation to the Eternal Mind, and their development and fructification point to a directive Providence." In like manner it might be argued that the hatred, envy, greed, lust for a place in the sun, with all their attendant fiendishness, indicate a directive Improvidence.

Tennyson shifts the responsibility for the evil of the world when he says:

> "Shall I weep if a Poland fall? Shall I shriek if a Hungary fail?
> Or an infant civilization be ruled with rod or with knout?
> I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide."

Browning says that "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world." I was impressed with the hold that this Hardshell Baptist doctrine has on the mind, when I went to hear the Girl Reserves of the high school in my home town give a Christmas program, and heard them sing:

> "He rules the world with truth and grace,
> And makes the nations prove,
> The glories of his righteousness,
> And wonders of his love."

What but a flight from reality could make these words anything but a burlesque at a time when one nation designated as Christian, had invaded another nation with no cause except revenge and aggrandizement; when all Christian nations were vying with each other in a mad race for supremacy in battleships and munitions of war; when capital and labor are at swordspoints and millions of our fellowmen are still on relief in a land of plenty? As Mr. Dieffenbach says, when men start to think they should think things through. The question is, do we live in a world apart from the sins and sufferings of humanity, in a dream world ruled by a perfect Being, or are the sins and sufferings of those whom we have shut out but their own imaginations and without reality?

Reason does not tell us. Immanuel Kant defines the limits of reason in an illustration so simple that even a child can understand it—his illustration of the triangle: "The proposition that every triangle has three angles does not announce that the three angles necessarily exist; but that upon condition the triangle exists, three angles must necessarily exist in it. This logical necessity has been the source of the greatest delusions. To suppose the existence of the triangle and not the three angles is contradictory, but to suppose the nonexistence of both the triangle and its angles is perfectly admissible. Given humanity, the idea of a supreme being must exist in it, but this does not prove the existence of God outside humanity." Besides being an honest reasoner, Kant also shows, if but rarely, a sense of humor, as when he says that those answering questions not capable of being answered by reason, and those asking such questions, present "the ridiculous spectacle of one milking a he-goat and the other holding a sieve."

Emerson, rejecting consistency as "the hobgoblin of little minds," says in his essay on "Experience": "The ardors of piety agree at last with the coldest skepticism—that nothing is of us or our works—that all is of God. Nature will not spare us the smallest leaf of laurel. All writing comes by the grace of God, and all doing and having. I would gladly be moral and keep due metes and bounds and allow the most to the will of man; but I have set my heart on honesty in this chapter and can see nothing at last, in success or failure, than more or less of vital force supplied by the

Eternal." To bring up to date this frankness in thinking things through, I can see no difference whatever between the theology of Dr. Machen and that of Clarence Darrow. Modern thought is waging the same old unsolvable dispute waged by Anne Hutchinson with the divines of Massachusetts Colony as to whether we are living under a covenant of grace or a covenant of works.

Paul Hutchinson, in an article, "Back to Sin," in *Scribner's* for October, 1935, points out how the sorry mess in which the world today finds itself has brought about a return to the theology that ruled the Christian world from the days of St. Paul and St. Augustine down to Calvin and Jonathan Edwards. He cites Reinhold Niebuhr as convinced that the loose-knit, liberal culture of today cannot guide this confused generation; that we must have "a more radical political orientation and a more conservative religious conviction." The position of this widely-read professor of Applied Christianity is summed up by Mr. Hutchinson as that of one crying in the wilderness, "On to Moscow! Back to Sin!" His faith in the power of mankind to work out its own salvation has been lost in the post-war chaos. He puts God so far above his creatures that nothing but an act of grace can save the individual, and not even the grace of God can save society.

This seems a throwback to the dark age that inspired the *Dies Irae,* but when we dwell long on the state of the world today there seems reason to despair of any good to mankind in general. When we read Paul de Kruif's *Why Keep Them Alive?* and remember the tortures of modern warfare not only for men, but for women and children—the gas masks for school children—we may well feel like King Oedipus that it is best of all never to have been born, and next best to die as soon as possible and go whence we came.

Though theologians may insist on a complete separation of the natures of God and man, human nature seems unable to see a supreme being without giving to him attributes of humanity. What makes the Lord of Green Pastures so charming is his humanity. He worries over his mistakes, repents that he has made man, and does not know what to do about it. Just as charming is Gabriel who sees the faults in his God and shows it plainly by his silence as well as by his few remarks. It is this same admixture of the human and the divine which makes the charm of the Old Testament—a charm which the inflexible theology of St. Paul lacks. Such a theology might have had its origin in the tale which Sir James Frazer tells of a primitive medicine woman whose treatment of diseases was so successful that the other natives accused her of having produced by witchcraft the illnesses she cured. How, they argued, could she effect cures so easily unless she was responsible for the sickness?

Is human nature as hopeless as the old theology would have us believe? When we read of and meet the noble souls who have lived in this degenerate world and are still living in it, we cannot think so, despite the evidence.

Henry James Forman has written a book about prophecy, tracing it from the earliest days down to the present. We may say in our blindness that neither yesterday nor tomorrow exists, but we are the product of the one and the hope of the other. The child is father to the man just as truly as the man is father to the child. The present is the link which binds together the past and the future just as truly as the place on which we stand is the link between two directions in which we may go. Mr. Forman uses the illustration of two railway trains approaching each other on a single track rounding a mountain curve. Neither engineer can see the other train, but a man in an airplane above them can see the danger and by warning can prevent a catastrophe. Mr. Forman compares the aeronaut to a person having prophetic vision, and says that perhaps spiritual far-sightedness is no stranger nor any more complicated than that.

In the New York *Times* of August 9, last, R. L. Duffus writes: "Prophecy assumes that the future is either inherent or manifest in the present, or that it actually exists. If we take the latter hypothesis we can support ourselves by the Einstein 'space continuum'. That is, we may conjecture that time is a geometric world that neither was nor will be, but is. In that case the prophet may merely skate along the time line as others follow the usual horizontal and vertical lines."

Dr. Carrel in his book, *Man the Unknown,* expresses the belief "that the facts of prediction of the future lead us to an unknown world." Will science come alongside of the mystic and confirm his vision of the future? If so, then will we not wonder at the blindness that makes us wait on the confirmation of science? An old Arab proverb, cited by Emerson, tells of the meeting of the philosopher and the mystic. When they had parted company the philosopher said, "All he sees, I know," and the mystic said, "All he knows, I see."

All too true is the doctrine of man's fore-ordination and predestination. In himself lies the fore-knowledge if he would but open his eyes to see it, and in himself is the power to fore-ordain his destiny. Perhaps the day is not far distant when science will bring to us a clear view of the fourth dimension, enabling us to see with what mathematical precision the laws of character work out. This would indeed be relativity applied to the Calvinistic belief, laying on man alone the blame for his sins and the fallen state in which he finds himself.

Do you remember how, in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird,* the unborn souls, wishing to be carried across the river of oblivion to earth, came down to the river bank and were driven back by the boatman who took only those for whom the time for birth was ripe? When man realizes that he himself is the creator of his world, that in his own actions alone lie his rewards and punishments, then he may be guided by reason and he will prepare the world for the reception of more souls. No more will they come in haphazard fashion, but according to the ideals of a Margaret Sanger.

That man is his own and only God presents no more inexplicable a problem than that presented by the belief in a supreme personality. The study of theology is bound up with the life of mankind, as the three angles are inseparable from the triangle. There are three subjects which continually pester mankind. These are, as Kant says, the existence of a God, the immortality of the soul, and the freedom of the will. Our minds oscillate between their affirmation and their denial. In contemplating an Eternal Personality, the same difficulty confronts us as in contemplating the immortality of man. As the philosopher of Konigsberg puts it: "We cannot bear, nor can we rid ourselves of the thought that a being which we regard as the greatest of all possible existences, should say to himself, 'I am from eternity to eternity. Beside me there is nothing except what exists by my will. But whence, then, am I?' "

Fred

FRANK S. HARWOOD

I am not in the habit of using tobacco, but my box of souvenir clay pipes inveigled me tonight. They came from the factory near my childhood home in Virginia which I visited recently. I chose the one I am now using because it reminds me of Fred—he had one exactly like it. Through the wisps of smoke, which rise as fragrant incense to the past, I can see him plainly though it is thirty years since the old Negro lived on my father's tobacco plantation.

One of the most remarkable things about Fred was his appearance. It was not the fact that he usually wore several pairs of pants and jackets tucked under his overalls making him look larger than he really was, for, in cool weather, at least, that was customary among his fellowmen. But it was his eyes. They had no lashes, and the edges of his lids seemed to turn outward showing the red inner lining. Also, when he removed his slouch hat out of respect for some adult white person (he never took it off to any of us boys) the light glistened on his peeled-onion baldpate. They said he had been that way from his childhood. I was interested to know why and was told that he and his older brother Robin got into an argument which waxed so hot that Robin seized him and ducked his head into an open kettle of boiling water in the backyard. The wonder is not that he became permanently bald and red-eyed but that he lived at all. His face must not have been submerged entirely for around his mouth and chin grew a scraggly beard. I remember asking Fred more than once to relate this incident but he was non-committal. Perhaps he was too young when it happened to recall much of the experience. At any rate, he did not seem to harbor any ill will toward his brother which speaks well for his disposition, for Robin's clear eyes and full head of hair were in marked contrast with his own infirmities. All his life Fred labored under the handicap of those inflamed eyes so sensitive to dust or any foreign matter. When they were threshing wheat or cutting up dry fodder for the cattle, my father always gave him the task that irritated them the least.

Fred had a certain piece of work which he was always assigned to do—laying off corn and tobacco rows. The rest of us envied him for what we considered the easiest job. I do not know exactly why he was chosen to do this as he was really less qualified than any one else on the place. Perhaps it was because he had been with my father from the very first and just got started doing it. Father would stake off the first row and lead the mule while Fred held the colter to make the mark. Then Fred was left to go on with the task. The second row was not so good, the third was worse, and soon they were all full of crooks and bends. We boys joked him about his crooked rows, but he got back at us by saying you could get more corn in a crooked row than in a straight one, a statement rather hard to disprove.

So the old man did have opinions very stubbornly maintained at times, but ordinarily his statements were rather inexact and were much influenced by the prevailing conversation. A favorite expression of his was that he had worked for my father for the past thirty or forty or fifty years! I never could learn from him just how long it had been for the truth was he did not know. Being utterly illiterate, he was incapable of following a calendar and it is little wonder he lost track of the years. Because we knew he could be easily led on by what others said, we rascally young fellows would sometimes purposely induce him to make a strong statement and then adroitly bring the thought around to the point where he was contradicting himself. That was a victory for us, and sly winks were next in order. Or, maybe, we could not refrain from peals of laughter which revealed our treachery. Then he would try to cover up his confusion by stoutly asserting he really meant the same thing all the time.

I can never forget how he acted whenever a letter came in our mail for some member of his family. Upon receipt of it he would ask who it was for. Then he would look earnestly at the address, possibly holding it upside down, and turn it this way and that. He gazed at those lines with questioning appeal as if he half expected they would reveal some meaning to his untutored mind. Finally, he would place the letter tenderly in the crown of his hat and wear it home on his head. I have seen him sit almost reverently while such missives were being read again and again until he had thoroughly absorbed all they had to convey.

Though born a short while before the Civil War, Fred had not known enough of slavery by experience to gain that perfect humility so characteristic of real slaves. And so in discussing the War with us children he occasionally made rather gloating remarks, incorrectly using Mr. Lincoln for his authority. He said some of the white people tried to restore their Negroes to slavery which made Lincoln say if he had to come down with his army and free them again those stubborn whites would "ketch hell!" Now, I did not wish any one re-enslaved, but this kind of talk provoked hostility. My mother's father had died fighting the Yankees, and Fred's distorted ideas about Lincoln stirred up a desire in me to join another Confederate army if necessary and avenge my grandfather's death. All of which was, of course, the result of Fred's ignorance and mine.

Even if he stood in no awe of us children he was very respectful in the presence of adult white people. He had the very greatest esteem for my father whom he called "Mr. Howard" to his face and "de boss" to others. I disliked hearing him mispronounce our family name but as they all did it I suppose he could not do otherwise. I noticed regretfully that he was more independent around us boys than with our elders. I wondered why he could not address us humbly as Mose did, one of the few remaining old-slave Negroes. Anyhow, whatever my father said was law to Fred. Even the mood of the "boss" was instantly reflected in the spirit of the workman. Father had only to say, "Frederick," a term he used when in a specially good humor, to make him feel that all was well. "Frederick" was an infallible guaranty of a perfect day. Father was an Englishman who came to this country soon after the Civil War and had nothing of the Southern gentleman's attitude of overlordship toward Negroes. Some of the natives criticized him for being too lenient. However, his fair treatment of them gained for him the courtesy and coöperation of every decent Negro he

ever hired. They called him a "righteous" man not chiefly because he was religious but because he never stooped to the least sign of dishonesty nor did he follow up their women.

The fourth Saturday of the month was pay-day. I liked to watch my father weigh up Fred's rations of corn meal and salt pork, chucking the pork into the bag of meal unwrapped. I thought it would have been better to put paper around the pork, but learned that the meat was often dipped in meal before frying anyway. Then he counted out the money which Fred tucked safely into one of his innumerable pants' pockets. I once had a friendly argument with him, contending that my father should pay us boys, too, something for our work, but Fred maintained that since we had our clothing and food and education what more could we expect? No doubt I was right in a sense. More training in the use of money would have been a help to us. But my dear parent was not only hiring a tutor for us smaller children, but sending the older ones to college, so if he had distributed his dollars very generously among us he would have been bankrupt!

Rainy days did not dampen our feelings for they meant something different from the routine field work. It might be grinding axes or other tools, or, better still, playing in the hayloft. Now and then we stole away for a visit to Fred's log cabin because we thought a great deal of him. His home was humble enough with its one original room to which a lean-to had been attached for a kitchen. Above the main room was an attic hardly high enough to stand in but capable of holding low beds for his children. In the center of the main room was a large bed, the only really good piece of furniture in the house. It was covered with an immaculate white counterpane, and from its fluffy appearance was evidently equipped with the luxury of a feather tick. I marvelled at the comfortableness of this bed in comparison with the meagreness of all the other things, but no doubt Fred knew enough about the enjoyment of life to have a good bed in which he peacefully rested one third of his time.

The food in this house must have been simple and very monotonous, especially in winter. Yet I have been there when the odor of coffee boiling on the old kitchen stove added a tantalizing flavor to the rich smell of pork sputtering in the skillet. Coffee, fried meat, and corn bread for breakfast. Fried meat, corn bread, and coffee for dinner. Corn bread, coffee, and fried meat for supper. That was about all the variety! I do not know how they existed without oranges and leafy vegetables and cod liver oil. Maybe the different kinds of food in summer built up strength enough to tide them over the monotony of the winter's diet.

We children found a new delight in dropping in to see Fred after one of his family, who had been away in the city working for "big money," got hold of an old Edison phonograph. Since Fred could not read he derived special pleasure from hearing this wonderful invention even if it did sound metallic. He was not mechanical enough to operate the thing himself but he listened so attentively that he learned some of the records by heart. In a childlike way he always repeated after the announcer, "Edison record!" I wonder if any one else remembers now some of the ones he loved so well? "The preacher went a hunting all on a Sunday morning," "Have you seen my loving Henry, have you seen my loving man?" and "I'd rather be outside a-looking in than on the inside a-looking out!" There were several religious records which his wife called for so when we white children went home our good parents would not think we had been contaminated by too much levity.

Fred's son Robert was a slightly cynical young chap who dared sometimes to be a little disrespectful to his old father. The old man went strolling off to the field one day singing, "I'm boun' fer de promised lan', I'm boun' fer de promised lan', Oh, who will come an' go wid me, fer I'm boun' fer de promised lan'." Robert, who was walking along behind, smiled drolly at me and said furtively, "I doubts it!" I wondered if his intimate association with his father had given him any real reason for such a remark, but I just set it down as a wisecrack too good to be missed.

There came a time when Robert's tough luck, or unwise conduct, brought him to the point where he was glad to have the intercession of this father whose assurance of eternal bliss he had doubted. When he grew up he went to the city to work. While there he got into trouble by trying to carve up someone with a razor, in self-defense he claimed. However, the judge thought he deserved a hundred dollar fine or six months in jail. It was a hard blow on Fred to have his son in disgrace. I well remember how he came into our living room, hat in hand, and sat talking it over with my father. Finally, it was agreed that Father would appeal to the judge in behalf of the prisoner. However, the best settlement he could get was to pay the fine for the youngster's release on the promise that he would return to the farm and work it out. Fred was happier than I have ever seen him, and received home his prodigal son with true biblical joy. He saw to it that the boy paid his debt in full.

Speaking of crime, one summer a Negro who had recently come to the community obtained work at our place, and lived with Fred. This newcomer proved to be more or less of a tough character, and got into several scrapes before he was at last invited to leave the neighborhood. Later Fred, in talking about him, happened to mention a blackjack the fellow had left. We boys were curious to know what a blackjack was, and, after learning, and being informed it was unlawful to carry one, we were particularly anxious to see the thing. But, to our great disappointment, Fred assured us he had buried it long ago to avoid ever getting into trouble. He was afraid of losing my father's good-will by doing anything illegal. Being at the persistent age, I teased and teased him to reveal the hiding place. When he yielded it was not long before I had the blackjack in my possession. With it in my pocket I had a sense of something I had not felt before—possibly banditry itself! All the workmen gathered about me commenting on its deadliness. One big Negro, who evidently had used one before, placed it on his hand, walked to the barn door and smashed into the wood with such force as to leave great scars. Everyone was amazed at the effectiveness of the device for hard hitting. One person said you could crush a man's skull easily. Fred's fear that something dreadful might happen returned with a rush. Trembling with excitement, his voice harshly imperative, he demanded the weapon and shoved it deep into his pocket. I could not persuade him to surrender it for love nor money. He told me afterward he had put it where no one would ever see it again. Thirty years later I am still wondering where it is.

I blush to think of a little flare-up I had with him

once. I had been gunning, and upon my return found Fred driving the team to the horsepower. The mules walked around and around a circle drawing a beam which furnished power for the feed cutter in the stable. He was sleepily riding the beam, kept awake only by having to lift his feet, at regular intervals, over the rod that conducted the motion into the building. I asked for his whip, which he gave me hesitantly, and started walking after one of the mules. As I neared that revolving rod I snapped at it with the whip. I should have known better than to endanger this good whip, but anyhow the lash wrapped around the rod and was quickly wound up breaking the handle all to pieces. Fred was very angry, and said things which I as a white boy thought were not to be permitted from any Negro. I replied hotly without bringing from him any sign of submission. I grew furious to think he was insubordinate, grabbed my gun and threatened him with it. I look back upon the experience with shame, but it helps me understand why many deeds of folly occur in the South by young white hotheads who feel so superior to their dark-skinned brothers.

Negroes are almost without exception very religious. Fred and his family were faithful members of the colored church, and occasionally entertained their minister overnight at the cabin. My father gladly allowed him to put his horse in our stable at such times and charged nothing for feed. This preacher sought to express his thoughts in words a little above the ordinary. Once my father told Fred to put new bedding in the stall for the Reverend's horse. This pleased the visitor, and he said as he looked at the clean, fresh bedding, "That's humane, isn't it?" Fred thought for a moment, and replied, "I calls it straw!"

One Sunday morning when I was permitted to remain at home from church, I went for a walk which took me by Fred's cabin. As I drew near I heard plaintive sounds like singing, yet it was not exactly singing. I stepped lightly along to learn what it was all about. Upon turning the corner of the house, I observed through the open door the entire family on their knees, while from within came the rising and falling tones of Fred's voice as he wrestled with God in prayer. He was neither talking nor singing, but it was a remarkable mixture of the two. After listening a few moments, I passed on, deeply impressed by this simple and earnest religious ceremony, coming as it did from so unexpected a quarter.

What I shall tell now need not detract too much from the old man's life for there were many extenuating circumstances. Though very religious he was not very moral. In addition to his wife and family at home, he had a friend who lived in another cabin on an adjoining farm. This unmarried woman was the mother of a large and increasing family of children, many of whom were reputed to be Fred's. There was no danger of a sudden revelation of this affair to his wife with disastrous consequences, for she knew it and dared not object. It is true that once, at least, the relationship got Fred into an embarrassing position, but he apparently extricated himself from it satisfactorily from his point of view. He chanced to enter the country store while his friend was making some purchases. She requested him to pay the bill, but he demurred, saying he did not know anything about her old bills. This aroused her, and she assailed him before the crowd by saying maybe he did not but one thing was sure: he knew everything else there was to know about her! Her language was none too choice either. Fred quieted his mistress by forking up the money before he hastily retired from the store. However, he waylaid the indiscreet talker on the lonely country road and, by giving her an awful beating, taught her not to repeat in public things which should be discussed only in private.

How could all this be reconciled with loyalty to the church? Well, it was a hangover from slavery times. The example of many of the masters was not wasted on their slaves. Indeed, the criss-cross relationships of some of the masters, slave women, and mulatto offspring were so complicated as to be the despair of a genealogist. This being so, Fred, an ignorant laborer with all the masculine urge of a real man, could hardly be expected to improve the record.

Poor old man! His experience at the last was like that of too many others—unhappy when he should have enjoyed peaceful old age. Upon the death of my father, Fred was pretty well broken up. His best friend was gone; his best days were gone. The management of the farm was different, of course. His wife had died, too, and he had married the one with whom he was for so long unlawfully intimate. After a few years they decided to build a cabin for themselves on a little piece of land she owned. Fred took a pathetic interest in hewing the logs to make a home for his last days, but when it was all done he found it was not home after all. He had lived nearly all his life in my father's little tenant cabin under the great sheltering oaks, and now the new place seemed strange to him. Furthermore, his new wife's family had so much control of affairs that he was no longer boss in his own house. Under the circumstances, it was not surprising that his spirit gave up, and soon his body surrendered too. Now whenever I stand for a few reminiscent moments by his grassy mound, marked only by a bare slab of rough stone, I realize afresh with a deep sense of sorrow that a chapter of my life as associated with his is irretrievably gone except for a wistful memory.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 182)

well being of their patients." Thus Mrs. Sanger won her fight for an amendment to the statute exempting physicians from its restrictions.

The American Medical Association at its annual Convention in Atlantic City unanimously adopted the report of its Committee to Study Contraceptive Practices, by action of its House of Delegates on June 8th. The Committee recommended the teaching of contraception in medical schools, the investigation of materials, devices and methods, and the clarification of physicians of their legal rights in relation to the use of contraceptives.

"Now comes the future, full of hope and challenge," says Mrs. Sanger. "The impetus of the work is doubly renewed. We can now consolidate the gains we have made, and move steadily forward in a larger program of national and international scope."

The educational work of the birth control movement will be carried on by the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau of New York, of which Mrs. Sanger is the director.

The Study Table

Little Women

PEDLAR'S PROGRESS, THE LIFE OF BRONSON ALCOTT. *By Odell Shepard. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.75.*

This is the non-fiction volume awarded the Centenary Prize in 1936 by Little, Brown and Company. Its significance, however, lies far beyond this fact. Here we have the long awaited biography of the contemporary and neighbor of Emerson. Usually known as "the father of Little Women," Amos Bronson Alcott has proved to be one of the most baffling figures in American letters.

An interesting story lies back of this biography. Professor Shepard had long desired to write Alcott's life, but the primary sources had not been available. In 1936, however, he had the good fortune to be permitted to read Alcott's *Journal* which had hitherto been closely guarded by the Alcott family. This *Journal,* which consists of fifty volumes, totaling more than five million words, forms the source of the biography, which, as a result, is the most authentic portrait of Alcott in existence.

Bronson Alcott, born on a Connecticut farm in 1799, represents one side of nineteenth century America. He began life on a farm, turned "pedlar," taught school (this in an unconventional manner), gave "Conversations," and seemed at times to be a cross between Socrates and St. Francis.

Professor Shepard has added a new interest and dignity to Alcott. He stands here, the Dean of the Concord School of Philosophy, a man of undaunted courage, and a pioneer in methods and ways of teaching. He failed in many undertakings, but he was somehow victorious over all his failures. In one respect he never failed: he was an almost perfect father (if one forgets about his lack of ability to provide for his children). The Fruitlands Utopia fits in with the rest of Alcott's career and age. The nineteenth century saw hundreds of social experiments. These extended all the way from the Atlantic to the middle west. Not too much should be made of the Fruitlands experiment.

The latter part of his life was devoted to his Conversations. Like Socrates he wanted to talk but, unlike Socrates, he had his own Orphic utterances. He traveled long distances through all kinds of discomfort to give these Conversations. Although he helped to make money, he was literally too much like St. Francis to care for money, or to try to develop a monetary sense. Out in Iowa his memory is still green. He gave Conversations and preached in many Iowa towns. In Iowa City in December, 1872, he visited the University, gave Conversations, and preached in the Congregational Church. He found the people all reading *Little Women* which was then a best seller in Iowa. He fondly told about Louisa and seemed proud to respond to the many demands made on him. Nor did he forget the children. He talked to them in Sunday School with all the ardor he had shown years before in his Boston School. He preached a sermon in Iowa City on "The Ideal Religion." According to the local papers and the local tradition he made a great point of this. On the Iowa frontier he found a Puritanism that was as liberal as his New England Unitarianism. He seemed to find a new peace out here, and a new value in institutional religion. Somehow his experiences on the frontier, which I have been looking into during the last few years, seem to round out the Alcott picture. I hope Professor Shepard will include in his forthcoming edition of the Journal the comments Alcott has about his interest in the frontier as well as his remarks about the St. Louis Hegelians.

CHARLES A. HAWLEY

A New Creative Life

WOMEN AFTER FORTY. *By Grace Loucks Elliott. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 197 pp. $1.25.*

The wife of Harrison Sackett Elliott, Professor of Religious Education at Union Theological Seminary, New York, certainly shines forth in this volume in her own right as a reliable guide to women nearing the end of biological productiveness.

Her understanding of psychoanalytic psychology, combined with a lucid style, enables her to show women how, after the forties, they can aspire to a new creative life of cultural possibilities. Those who know their Freud, Jung and Adler may deem the contributions of these masters to an understanding of the human ego rather elementary, but this very trait multiplies the value of the book for those women, who are not versed in the commonplaces of psychoanalysis.

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